EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. I. — No. 5. BOSTON, NOVEMBER 8, 1885. Entered as second-class mail matter.

WHAT CAN I DO?

THAT is what almost everybody is saying. Little children come to the mother and look up in her face and say, "Mamma, what can I do now?" Older children go to the mother or father or teacher, in any perplexity and ask again the question, "What can I do?" The young man who came to Jesus, you will remember, asked the same: "What shall I do that I may have eternal life?" And those who are grown up, and who have, perhaps, children of their own, are still repeating the same words. When we set ourselves to work, we often make mistakes. We want to be guided, to be helped, to be shown the way. God, whose dependent children we all are, knows that, and Jesus, the Christ, came to answer just that question. He answered it every day of his life on earth, by showing us how we should live. He answers it now, in his Gospels, to which he wants us to go whenever we are in trouble or difficulty. And if we go we shall always find an answer. It will always be the same, too. He will only say "Follow me," and when he says that he will mean — what? Why, just this: Do the brave thing, the true thing, the kind thing. If you are looking for help out of perplexity, that will show you; the road to right is reached in no other way. If you are looking for happiness only, that is the only way to get real happiness. If you are looking to save your own soul, as the young man who came to Jesus was, that is still the thing to do. And it is what the smallest child can do as well as the wisest man. Tiny atoms of sand make up the broad beach on which the ocean rolls its long lines of surf. Little acts of truthfulness, of love, of helpfulness, make a happy and useful life, on which God looks down with a smiling face. What a comfort it is that Jesus did not set us any great task to perform, did not make the way to heaven difficult to find, and that he has shown us what a loving face will look down upon us when we go to our dear Heavenly Father to ask, "What can I do?" P.

BEYOND all doing of good is the being good; for he that is good not only does good things, but all that he does is good. — *George MacDonald.*

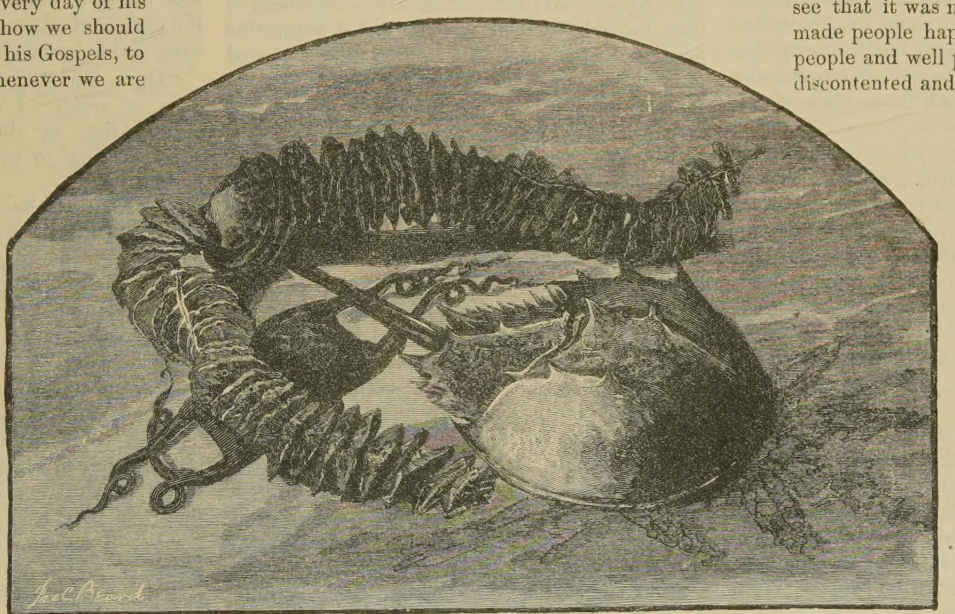
BEING CONVERTED.

A YOUNG maid-servant had "experienced religion," and went to her pastor to tell him so. "I have been converted," she said. "How do you know?" her pastor asked. "Because," she answered simply, "now I sweep *under* the mats."

How much this story tells! First, of duties she had before evaded, and then of a real change of heart. She no longer wished only to *seem*, but to *be* faithful. Are not many of us in need of the same conversion? Are there not duties we sweep around instead of under?

Nothing is small to Him who puts us in the world, and gives each one his place and work.

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine." P.



A VEGETABLE RATTLESNAKE, ETC.
See "Open Leaves from Nature's Book," p. 38.

WHAT THE QUAIL SAYS.

WHISTLES the quail from the covert,
Whistles with all his might,
High and shrill, day after day:
"Children, tell me, what does he say?"
Ginx (the little one, bold and bright,
Sure that he understands aright), —
"He says, 'Bob White! Bob White!'"

Calls the quail from the cornfield,
Thick with its stubbles set;
Misty rain-clouds floating by
Hide the blue of the August sky;
"What does he call now, loud and plain?"
Gold Locks, — "That is a sign of rain!
He calls, 'More wet! More wet!'"

Pipes the quail from the fence-top,
Perched there full in sight,
Quaint and trim, with quick, bright eye,
Almost too round and plump to fly,
Whistling, calling, piping clear,
"What do *I* think he says? My dear,
He says, 'Do right! do right!'"

Clara Doty Bates.

CHILDREN'S ANSWERS.

ONE Sunday I asked my class of little boys why it was that some people always seemed to be so happy. I told them that they could readily see that it was not wealth nor health that made people happy, for they all knew rich people and well people who were very often discontented and cross. "Now, what is it," I asked, "that makes some people, though they may be poor and sick, happy?" And the answer came from little Haller, and the merry voice was full of feeling as he said, "It is the love God puts in their hearts." How full and complete the answer, and yet how simple. Surely, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength; and as I looked into his soul-lit eyes, I thought, True indeed it must be, that their angels do always behold the face of the Father; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. O. M. B.

I WAS depicting, in as glowing colors as I could, Naaman, the great and favorite General, afflicted with leprosy, the little captive maid interesting herself in him, and the whole story of his going to the prophet in Israel, attended by a great retinue, and bearing costly presents. Frank, like most small boys, is full of military ardor, and he was intensely interested in the account, and he is often quite amusing, as he always connects Bible stories with our own American history. So at the close of my story he asks, "Was he a *British* General, or was he on *our* side?" I told him that after his leprosy was cured he was on the Lord's side, and I thought that must be *our* side.

O. M. B.

A HUNDRED PER CENT AT HOME.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

HUNDRED again!" shouted Agatha Comstock, bursting into the nursery one afternoon.

Her mother smiled congratulation, but raised her finger quickly to her lips to secure quiet, for the baby was not well, and had just dropped into the first nap of the day. The warning came too late, however, for the sudden sound had already wakened the nervous child.

Agatha turned quickly back into the hall, closing the door with one hand, and motioning back her younger sister Annie with the other. "Just like me!" she exclaimed, in an exasperated whisper, "I 've gone and waked that blessed baby! when mother told me to remember to come in quietly after school, for he might be asleep; but I got a hundred again, and it made me forget everything. If he don't drop off again, you 'll help her with him, won't you? that 's a dear. I would, but Latin comes to-morrow, and I 've got to dig again."

This was Agatha's first year in the high school, and she was in the midst of the half-yearly examinations. She was a conscientious student, and had stood well all the half-year, and expected to do well in her examinations; but her expectations were more than met when she reached a hundred per cent in her examination in Rhetoric, — for the marking was very strict. To-day their Physiology papers had been returned, and she had again received a hundred. Her ambition was now thoroughly aroused to reach the same rank in the two examinations yet to come. So she locked herself in her own room with her books till bedtime, only leaving them long enough to eat a hurried dinner. At nine o'clock her mother came to the room on tip-toe.

"Agatha dear, how hard you are studying!" she whispered; "is it really necessary? I shall be glad when the examinations are over. I came to ask you to go to bed now, for baby has just gone to sleep, and if he is waked after he has slept a little while, he is apt to be wakeful all night."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Agatha, looking up, and keeping her place on the page with her finger, "please let me sit up a little longer, — I really must; but I 'll be so quiet, you 'll never know it, when I go to bed."

Mrs. Comstock gave a reluctant consent and withdrew. The "little while" proved to be until eleven o'clock; but Agatha removed her shoes before rising from her chair, and prepared for bed so quietly that she was sure no one heard her, till just at the last, after she had put out the light, she knocked her hair-brush off the bureau! What a noise it made! and like an echo to it, came the poor baby's cry. Agatha could have cried too, with vexation; but that did n't alter things, and she fell asleep to the sound of her tired mother's low singing, which in the quiet night was audible through the wall.

Breakfast was half over the next morning before Agatha made her appearance. Her father looked disturbed, but he said nothing, — although promptness was always insisted on in the household, — for he knew she was tired from over-study. Mrs. Comstock looked worn out from a second sleepless night, but was trying to eat some breakfast, while the baby fretted in Annie's arms. Agatha ate hastily, and left the room, saying as she did so, "Sorry, mother dear, I can't help you, but I overslept, and I have still another glance to take at my Latin before school," — then to herself, as she went up stairs, "I don't know why I should feel as if I was stealing, when I try to do my duty at school."

The "glance" took a long time, and she was startled by the twenty-minute bell before her bed was made, or her room set to rights.

"Oh dear!" she ejaculated, seizing her books and rushing from the room and down the stairs. An instant later she flew back over them again, and popped her head into the nursery door. "Mother, do you know where my hat is? My mind is so on my examinations, I can't remember anything! Dear — dear — I shall be late — where *did* I put it?" This, while her mother, baby in arms, joined her in the search. "Never mind," she said, finally, "there 's not another minute to spare, I 'll wear my best one;" and with the word she snatched it from the box, and darted down the stairs and into the street, leaving the door open behind her.

"These dreadful examinations!" sighed Mrs. Comstock, as she followed her down stairs to close the door, "I 'm glad there are only two more."

That night at supper Agatha's face looked flushed and tired. "Are you feeling ill, my daughter?" her father asked.

"No, papa," she answered, "but it seems to me that I *can't* wait till Monday to know what I got in Latin! If it was n't for having to keep busy brushing up my Algebra, I should perish with suspense."

This, as you see, was Friday. Saturday, Agatha was accustomed to spend a large part of the day in helping her mother, who could afford but one servant, and needed all the help Agatha, and even little Annie could give, without robbing them of time needed for their lessons, and a reasonable amount of recreation. But to-day, Agatha begged off from a number of her accustomed duties, on the plea that she was more "shaky" on her Algebra than anything else, and worked away at it, till she was thoroughly tired out.

Sunday she woke with a headache, and feeling (as she told Annie, in a tone that quite enforced the announcement) "as cross as two sticks." She helped in the morning's work in a languid, irritable fashion, but instead of preparing for church when it was ended, curled herself into a corner of the sitting-room sofa, and sending Annie for a pillow, prepared for a nap.

"Why, Agatha," said her mother anxiously, "if I had known you were feeling so badly, I would n't have let you help me with the work. Don't you think you 'll feel better for going out? You know this is your Sunday to go to church, and I can't go anyway, for I was n't expecting to, and my cloak is ripped for altering; your father will be very lonely without either of us."

"I know, mother," answered Agatha fretfully, "and I would n't mind church especially, but Miss Claggett will see me, and she 'll think if I 'm able to be at church, I 'm able to stay to Sunday-school, and that 's just more than I can stand to-day. The very thought of a recitation sickens me; and I think I 've done enough studying through the week to be let off to-day, — and so unless you say I *must* go, I shall stay at home." Having delivered this harangue, and justified herself in her own mind thereby, she took her mother's reply for granted, and shaking up the pillow, settled herself for a nap.

Mrs. Comstock was really worried lest Agatha should make herself ill with over-study, so she only said, "Very well, my daughter, perhaps you had better rest; you would not seem so unlike yourself if you were quite well;" and lowering the shades a little, and motioning Annie to follow her, she took the baby from the floor, and went with both of them to the nursery, that the room might be quiet.

The next day, Agatha came in to dinner jubilant. "Another hundred!" she exclaimed, fairly dancing into the room, her happy face a strange contrast to the anxious, irritable one she had worn since Friday, "and what 's more, I think I answered everything right in Algebra this morning! If I 'm perfect in it, I shall be just too happy to live.

Mrs. Comstock enjoyed her daughter's happiness and congratulated her accordingly, but Agatha missed the word of hearty approval she had expected from her father. However, she was too full of self-approval to need much praise from any other quarter, and she soon forgot her passing surprise.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A TRUE STORY.

BY EMMA W. BUMSTEAD.

"Oh, Auntie, come quick!" cried little Edith. Laying aside her sewing, Aunt Alice went into the sitting-room, where she saw Edith watching a tiny humming-bird which had flown in through an open window and was hovering round the canary's cage.

"Shut the window, dear, and maybe we can catch him and put him in the little wicker cage," said her aunt, as she quickly put her hand over the little prisoner; but it frightened him so much that his little claws clung tightly to the wires of the cage, and gasping once or twice he closed his eyes, and hung motionless.

"Open the door, Edith, and run and get a glass of water. I 'm afraid he 's dead," said Aunt Alice, as she stepped to the veranda with the cage to which the little bird was still hanging.

"O Auntie! See! he 's drinking the water," exclaimed Edith, as a little forked tongue quickly darted into the glass. "And he 's opened his eyes! Is n't he cunning?"

"Yes; and see how very delicate his tongue is. I really think he will live, and I should n't wonder if he would eat some honey. You might put a drop on a teaspoon, and offer it to him," replied her aunt.

Edith returned in a few moments with the honey; and, to her great delight, the bird began to eat it, and was soon so nearly restored that they took him back into the room.

"We 'll let him fly round, dear, just as he wants to, and if we keep the door and windows closed perhaps he 'll stay with us a little while," said Aunt Alice, as she returned to her sewing.

Edith never grew tired of watching and feeding him. At first the bird was so timid that when she held out the teaspoon with the honey he would hover around some time before he ventured to taste it, and after taking a sip, immediately dart away; but, gaining courage, he would remain longer, and even light on her finger.

"Look, Auntie! He 's drinking my milk," exclaimed Edith, as they were seated at the supper-table.

"That is very strange," said her aunt. "I never knew a bird to take milk before."

"Is n't it too bad, Auntie?" said Edith, "Dick does n't like the humming-bird, for he keeps pecking at him every time he goes near the cage."

"I think he must be jealous," replied her aunt. "He reminds me of some little girls and boys I

have seen, who wanted all the good things for themselves. We can learn a great many lessons, even from birds, if we watch them."

"Where do you suppose he will sleep to-night?" asked Edith, later in the evening.

"I think we will soon find out," answered Aunt Alice, as she turned down the light. "Watch, dear, and see where he 's going."

"Oh, Auntie! He 's put his head right through the bars of the cage, and is clinging hold of the sides; what a funny way to sleep!"

One day, about a week after, the door was carelessly left open, and when Edith came in and called the bird he was nowhere to be found, though they searched for him in all the nooks and corners.

"Never mind, dear," said her aunt. "He would n't be happy with us always, and I doubt if we could have kept him all winter."

The following summer, as Edith was sitting on the veranda, a little green-breasted humming-bird flew towards her, darted from flower to flower, and then, as if he recognized her, flew almost into her face, and disappeared again.

"The humming-bird has come back, Aunt Alice," called Edith, "and I think he knew me; but he looked so happy I 'm glad we did n't keep him."

CRONY VILLAGE.

BY GRATIA.

Fifty years ago or so, any one walking about the village of Northampton, in Massachusetts, and getting into the region of Round Hill, might have stumbled upon a novel sight, — a collection of tiny huts or houses, intended only for play. Around the hearths only boys gathered, waiting for the roasting potatoes or the game trapped by themselves, and the rafters echoed each day to laughter and shouts that could only come from the throats of happy youths. That was Crony Village, built entirely by the boys of a famed school of that time, kept by two American gentlemen. Mr. George Bancroft, the famous historian, was one of the teachers; a Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell the other. The school was intended to combine physical training with mental culture, and for the ten years it lasted, kept well up to its standard, — Mr. Bancroft being not only a fine scholar, but a cultured gentleman as well, while Mr. Cogswell united in himself the characteristics of the man of study and of action. He won at once, by the direct display of his own character, the respect and confidence of his scholars, and, while he was the teacher, he was also organizer, manager, and father of the little community. No one of the hundred and fifty boys under him but looked to him with greatest respect and affection. He was their head farmer, builder, gardener, and treasurer. He loved the boys as they did him, and just to read of such a school makes one wish the fifty years could roll back and boyhood come again.

Crony Village was only one of their delights. They were given regular exercise on horseback; they were encouraged to walk about the lovely woods which surrounded the school; they went swimming in Licking-water in summer and skated over it in winter; they made gardens of their own; and they studied hard. Crony Village was of course their peculiar delight, as a boy-town was something entirely novel. But alas for boy-nature! by their own short-comings its downfall was decreed. Crony Village fell as Rome did, because of internal corruption. The boys made raids upon the farmhouses about, and upon the larder at home, for provisions to cook and eat over their tiny hearthstones, and Mr. Cogswell decreed its downfall. It had led to clandestine purchases and to deception; the good it could do was at an end. A few of the scholars were appointed to level it with the ground, and Crony Village was no more. One of its owners was a Boston boy, Thomas Gold Appleton, who was then at school, in his thirteenth year. In his biography, recently published, I have found the following letter which I print with this little account, thinking it may interest the boys. Perhaps it will suggest to some of them the building of a second Crony Village. If it should, let me warn them to profit by the fate of that village, and to avoid the causes of its downfall.

January 15, 1826.

. . . Just before I wrote this, Mr. Cogswell declared that which will materially injure the happiness of the boys, which is, that our houses, or caverns, as he terms them, must be abandoned, and destroyed immediately. The reason is this: Mr. C. has frequently observed certain boys to be absent from meals. He soon suspected something, and at last discovered the whole affair by his cunning and sagacity, which is this: The boys, for their greater accommodation at their houses, have by stealth purchased sundry articles of the people in the neighborhood, and became acquainted with them and went to their houses. Some of the articles were these: sausages, flour, potatoes, apples, etc. He stated that he considered it inconsistent with his duty to permit them to do things that he knew their parents would disapprove, and to prevent which he took them under his charge, and he made quite a long speech to us in the evening. Mr. Cogswell has a penetration and knowledge of human nature, with the like quality I hardly ever saw any man endowed. He possesses a wonderful awe over the boys, and there is hardly any boy who can conceal a lie or deceit from him. I have several instances of his cunning. I will relate one: One unpleasant and moist evening he told the boys he thought that it was unsafe to go down to their houses, and therefore forbade it. Some few, either not understanding him, or from a motive not so good, went down there. He, although one would think he would be detained by some more important business and the unpleasantness of the weather, but still under the bare chance of finding some, went, and surprised them all in their holes. In one of the houses they were enjoying themselves on a pudding of their own make, little expecting such a visit. Hearing him knock, and thinking he was a boy, they opened the door. How greatly he and they were astonished, and how soon the pudding went under the bench, I leave you to imagine. Saturday evening presented a dismal sight. About thirty houses were utterly destroyed from the face of the earth, and their inmates sent forth to mourn for the loss of their property. The destroyers came, and that which was before a flourishing village, rapidly increasing in houses and inhabitants, was soon reduced to nothing but a heap of ruins. And all this destruction was perpetrated by only two emissaries of Mr. Cogswell, except those houses that were destroyed by the voluntary despair of their owners. Here one could see the remnant of a roof, and there a smoking pile of boards. The axe and club first demolished the houses, and then fire was applied to consign them forever to oblivion.

In the same letter he tells what he is studying: —

As I believe you have not heard much concerning the books that I study, I will now inform you. In Latin I am advanced about six sections in the second Catiline Oration; in French, I study Louis XIV. and Mr. Hents's "French Reader;" in arithmetic, I am half through Colburn's "Sequel;" and in Spanish, I am getting along pretty fast, studying "Colmena Española."

History and Biography.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

BY MRS. L. KEENE.

More than six hundred years ago, there was a great uprising among the children throughout Europe. The tomb where the Lord had lain was in the hands of his enemies, and they thought they could take it from them. In a dream, a French shepherd boy had seen the Lord in pilgrim guise, and by him had been appointed leader of this mission. He told his story, and by it gathered other children to his side; soon thousands rushed to the banner of Stephen of Cloyes, for this was the shepherd boy's name.

Not only boys, but tender little girls, the high and the low; all, as they thought, obeying the Lord's word, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." Children *stole* from their homes, — no bolts or bars, or tears of father and mother could keep them; thirty thousand of these French children, between the ages of seven and fifteen, started for the great sea which they thought lay between them and dear Jerusalem.

Their leader, who was but a child, rode in a sort of chariot, at their head. When he stopped to speak cheering words on the march, and point on to holy Jerusalem, crying, "God wills it, God wills it," they crowded so closely about him to kiss his hand that some were trampled to death. Thus they travelled on, day after day, over rough roads and parched fields, under a burning sun. When night came, they dropped down to sleep where they happened to be; in the morning eating the bits they found in their bags, or begging a morsel from the wayside farmhouses. "When will the march be over?" was the cry from many of the baby lips. Then Stephen would say, "Only a few more days, and we shall reach the sea."

At last they came to it, but knew no way to cross it. Some merchants who pretended to do it for the love of God, though they had a wicked purpose in their hearts, offered to carry them. Seven ships were packed so full that the poor, footsore little pilgrims trod one upon another, and could barely breathe. Presently all was ready, and lifting up their voices in one of the church's old hymns, they sailed away; but oh, not to dear Jerusalem! Better for them if they had fallen by the way, like so many of their companions, sleeping their last, quiet sleep.

The ships were not heard from for many years. At last an aged priest returned to Europe, who told the story of their end. He was one of the priests who sailed with them, and told how a terrible storm came down upon the sea, and the fearful waves broke over the ships, striking terror into the hearts of the little crusaders, huddled together beneath the decks. The priests tried to comfort them, but when thoughts of home and mother came over them they broke anew into an anguish of weeping. Some were washed off the decks into the sea, where their cries were hushed forever. More than a thousand were thus lost; the rest escaped death, only to find themselves, by and by, sold as slaves to the cruel Saracens.

Every one of these is supposed to have died in slavery. Not one ever saw dear Jerusalem, except the few who walked its streets in chains, — nor ever looked on father or mother again. But we believe that those heroic little souls long ago saw their King in his beauty, and free and happy walked the streets of the New Jerusalem.

Our Letter Box.

We have a variety to offer our readers in the Letter-Box to-day. First, a letter from a little girl so young that the stories for youngest readers have to be read to her. But we know a little girl with such bright eyes as she must have, enjoys and remembers them. We think we should like to go to the mountains with her when she goes again.

Mr. Editor, — I have been to the White Mountains with mamma. They are green and black. One day Mt. Washington was white because it had some snow on it. I had a nice time up to the White Mountains. I cried one day, though, because I thought some people at the hotel were going to take baby brother home with them. They said so. We went one, two, ten, six times to see the Indians make baskets. I carried back some pieces and tried to make some, but it is real hard work. . . . They make little cradles just big enough for a little bit of a bit of a dolly. The Indians do. . . . Baby got two teeth up there. Pretty soon he can eat apples like me. Some time we will go again. Will you?

Ruth, 5 years old.

Frankfort, Me.

The next is a letter that interests us very much, — first, to hear of another good Sunday-school teacher; and then, to know of a little girl who is "lending a hand." Of course she finds "many things" to do, and does them well, too! Let us hear from you again, Fannie.

Dear Mr. Editor, — I like the Every Other Sunday very much. I go to Sunday-school. I have a nice teacher, and when I tell you she is Waldo's Aunt Lucy, you will know that she is good. I have two sisters and one brother. My older sister is fifteen years old. My other sister is nearly four months; her name is Grace, and she is a darling baby. My brother is twelve years old. I do not go to school this term; I stay at home to help mamma work and take care of baby. I can do quite many things. I will try and write a longer letter next time, as I have not much time for writing now.

Fannie M. P., 10 years old.

We find next a criticism. Some young person writes from Philadelphia that in the sentence "A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dogs," printed in No. 1, and said to contain all the letters of the alphabet, there is no letter h. How does that person spell "the"? Critics must have bright eyes and quick wits.

We have received from Greely, Col., some rhymed answers for enigmas 1 and 2, given in No. 1. They are so good we are sorry to have room for but one.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 2.

The article "a" is needed, we find;
A "grip" may bring tears to the eyes, yet be kind;
"Pa" is a pet name to children most dear.
St. Paul, of "Agrippa," the king, had no fear,
But pleaded so fearless and bravely, that he
Was "almost persuaded" a Christian to be.

Our Greely friend sends us also a new enigma which we print below. Will he not send us some others, and send us his (or her) name with them?

NEW TESTAMENT ENIGMA. NO. 2.

A pronoun is 1, 2, and also 1, 2, 3.
1, 2, 3, 4 is great and good wherever he may be;
5, 7, 6, 8 we often meet;
It is a raised and sheltered seat.
My whole is found a woman's name;
Cruel the deed that gave her fame.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

11. What game that the Jewish children played is mentioned in the Gospel of Matthew?

12. How long was a "Sabbath day's journey" in the time of Jesus?

13. Mention some trees that are spoken of in the Gospels.

14. Give the names of some of the "Gospel towns" that lay to the west of the "Sea of Galilee."

15. Into what three groups of books did the Jews divide their Scripture (our Old Testament)?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS GIVEN IN No. 2.

6. Mt. Gerizim.

7. Mount of Olives, Mt. Sinai, Mt. Ebal, Mt. Hermon, Mt. Tabor, Mt. Carmel.

8. See Matt. ix. 18, 19, 23, 24; Matt. xv. 21–29; Matt. xvii. 14–20; Matt. xix. 13–15, and 16–23; Matt. xx. 20–24; Luke i. 59, 60; Luke ii. 42; Luke vii. 12–16; John iv. 46–55.

9. See Matt. viii. 5–13; Matt. ix. 2–33; Mark i. 23–31; Mark iii. 1–12; Luke iv. 41.

10. Jesus' "own city."

For Youngest Readers.

POPPY DOLLS.

BY LUCY FLORENCE YOUNG.

THE Poppy family stood in a row under a cherry tree, holding lovely pink parasols over their little green heads. There were Mr. and Mrs. Poppy, in very bright scarlet dresses, and all the little Poppies in variegated colored skirts, and all wore little green caps with scalloped edges. Once they had been real poppies and stood up straight and tall in the garden, and no one but a little girl who believed in fairies, would have imagined the lovely dolls hidden within. Nell knew all about it. She turned the petals downward and tied a girdle of grass about them, and then carefully pricked eyes, nose, and mouth in the little seed-vessel which was to be the head, and there was a poppy doll complete. To be sure they had no arms and hands (or were they hidden in the folds of their ample dress?), and only one leg; but that was no matter. With that one leg stuck into the ground they stood as straight as any stork on a German chimney-top, and as the edge of the bright dress touched the grass who would know that they had not two dainty feet hidden below? Nell thought them beautiful. It had taken her a long time to make and arrange them all; to tie the grass girdles just tight enough to steady the pinks they must hold over their little green heads for a parasol. She had stood and admired them, — Mr. and Mrs. Poppy and ten little Poppies. Mr. Poppy looked just like his wife, only was a trifle taller, and held a large white pink over his head, which Nell said was a cotton umbrella. For who ever saw a Mr. with a parasol? Nell really loved those dollies and was wondering what more she could do for their comfort, when a gentle breeze passed through the garden causing all the flowers to nod, and the poppy dolls to bow to their little maker, and the cotton umbrella to turn wrong-side-out and need mending. Then she knew that they would take cold without something more over their narrow shoulders, and so had bounded gladly away to find white rose petals to wrap around them for capes.

As Nell left the dollies, Vix, the nanny-goat, appeared round the corner of the house followed by Nell's three noisy brothers. They all ran straight for the cherry-tree, — the boys for the cherries, and Vix for the leaves which she knew would be held down for her to eat.

"Oh, look at Nell's poppy dolls," exclaimed Arthur, with one foot on the notch of the tree ready to climb. "Don't they look cunning?"

"Don't stop to look at dolls, Art. Hurry up," said Will, giving his brother a push, and swinging himself up past him and beginning at once to eat.

"Oh, boys, look at Vix," laughed George from below. "She likes poppy dolls as well as Nell."

"Oh, that's too bad," chuckled Will, aiming a cherry stone at Vix, which caused that animal to look up as she swallowed two or three of those lovely dolls.

"Don't let her," called out Arthur. "Nell will feel so badly."

"They're nothing but poppy dolls. She can make some more," laughed George, as Vix leisurely helped herself to some of the pink parasols.

"You're a mean boy," exclaimed Arthur indignantly, swinging himself down just in time to save the cotton umbrella. "Go away, Vix."

"Oh, has she eaten my dollies?" cried Nell, running towards them with her hands full of roses. She dropped her flowers and the tears came as she saw the destruction. Only a few heads left, a broken parasol, and Mr. Poppy still holding his cotton umbrella but bowing over the destruction of his entire family. Nell looked at Vix, still chewing Mrs. Poppy and eyeing the roses at her feet, and then at her brothers, and her little lips trembled as she said, "I didn't think you would let Vix do that."

"Don't cry, Nell," said Will, "Vix didn't know any better. Come, Vix, you have done enough mischief;" and he led her away just as she was moving towards the last doll.

"Why, Nell," said Arthur, taking her chubby fists from her blue eyes, "don't cry. Vix has left one dolly, and I will help you make some more. I don't know how very well, but you can teach me."

Nell dried her eyes and ran for more poppies. Soon she was laughing gayly, for Arthur's clumsy fingers couldn't tie the grass girdles, and he pricked such funny faces.

GENTLE FRIENDS.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

CURIOUS CRADLES FOR QUEER CREATURES.

BY UNCLE HARRY.

On the first page of this number of Every Other Sunday, the reader will see a picture of some odd-looking objects that are found on the sea-shore. He will probably recognize the horse-shoe crab in the lower right-hand corner; but very likely he will not know that the square-looking object next to the crab, that has a handle at each corner, is the empty house in which a baby Skate-fish once lived. And it is still more likely, dear reader, that you will be much puzzled by the long string of pods in the picture. The name that is sometimes given to it — *vegetable rattlesnake* — will not help you in the least to understand it; for it is not a vegetable, nor does it have anything to do with any kind of a snake. It will indeed rattle if you shake it, and in order to explain why it rattles I must tell you what it is. This string of "pods" is often a yard long, containing perhaps as many as seventy-five of these little disks. Each one of these is an egg-case in which there were once several little mollusks of the species known as *pyrula*. The baby-pyrulas were at first no larger than grains of rice. Here they were laid on a soft bed much like the white of an egg. Curiously enough, they grew larger by eating up their bed, until by and by, when they were old enough to go out into the world, and had grown, each one of them, a spiral-shaped shell on his back, a tiny round door opened itself on one edge of the "pod," and nearly all of the baby-mollusks went into the sea. Some of them, however, could n't, or at any rate did n't go out; and as they kept on growing, they were soon too big to escape through the little door. So they died in this prison-house; and the frames of shell in which the sea-babies once lived, striking against the dried "pod" make the rattle that you hear when you shake one of the long coils which has been picked up on the shore.

Every "pod" in one of these coils contains, if it is perfect, from twenty to thirty of the young pyrulas. So that if they all lived, each mother pyrula would have a brood of about two thousand little ones. But as I have already told you, some of these young pyrulas never get into the sea, but die in the egg-case. Many others are eaten up in the water by larger creatures, — just as the grown-up pyrula eats such smaller mollusks as the Razor-fish of which I gave you a description in No. 3 of Every Other Sunday. But I shall have to wait till another number of our paper before telling you what an odd-looking and queer-acting fellow a grown-up Pyrula is.

A NOVEL LETTER.

Hillside Pasture, October, 1885.

My dear Children, — It is a rather strange thing for an old chestnut-tree to write a letter to two little girls. But I do not forget how you trudged up through the pasture one hot day last August, and were glad when you got into the shade of my branches, and how you played in the circle between my trunks, and called it a nice house. I always thought it would be a nice house for little girls to play in, and had waited ever and ever so long, hoping they would come. But the little girls who drive the cows into the pasture go into the pine woods just over the wall, because the trees there can call and sing and make them think they are at the sea-shore. I can only wave my branches to them and tell them I could say as nice things, if they would only come and listen to me.

And what do you suppose I should have told them? I should have given them a puzzle to guess. Here I am, a great big tree, with three trunks going down into the ground. Now, am I *one* tree, or three trees? And how did I happen to have this little play-house right in the middle of me? If the children had ever come to see me I should have asked them that; and after they had tried ever so hard to guess, and could n't find out, I should have told them.

Once upon a time a chestnut-burr holding three nice large chestnuts was blown off from the tree, and carried ever so far, and got hid down under some leaves next a stone-wall. It was hidden so deep that even the squirrels never found it, so as to eat up the nuts. Then the cold winter came, with all the snow. Then, after a while, the sun grew warm, the snow melted, and everything began to grow. Oh, how funny the little nuts felt! They felt themselves growing bigger and bigger, as if they were going to burst; and after a while one of them did. The brown coat came off, and the little fellow was glad to get rid of it; for a little root went right down into the ground, so as to hold on tight, and then some little green leaves went right up into the air. The other nuts did the same, and there were three little bits of trees. And these grew bigger and bigger and bigger, until they got to be as tall as a man, and then as tall as a house, and then they went 'way up higher into the air, side by side. And that is the way I came to be what I am, — three trees all grown together at the bottom, just so as to make a nice play-house.

The wind blows very hard, and I am losing all my clothes, which are the leaves; so I shall be dreadfully cold all winter. It is only in the winter that I wish I were a pine-tree; because then I could keep my leaves on and be warm. But I am sure the spring will come again, and I shall have new leaves; and then I shall want you to come and see me again, and play house in the nice little cubby-hole, just as you did before. Good-by till then, and don't forget the

Old Chestnut-Tree.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

An old proverb says, "The child is father of the man;" and experience proves that the habits of early years go with one through life. Benedict Arnold was the only General in the American Revolution who disgraced his country. He had superior military talent, indomitable energy, and a courage equal to any emergency. The capture of Burgoyne's army was due more to Arnold than to Gates; and in the fatal expedition against Quebec he showed rare powers of leadership. Had his character been equal to his talents, he would have won a place beside Washington and Greene.

But he began life badly, and it is not surprising that he ended it in disgrace. When a boy, he was detested for selfishness and cruelty. He took delight in torturing insects and birds, that he might watch their sufferings. He scattered pieces of glass and sharp tacks on the floor of the shop he tended, that the barefooted boys who visited it might have sore and bleeding feet. The selfish cruelty of boyhood grew stronger in manhood. It went with him into the army. He was hated by the soldiers and distrusted by the officers, in spite of his bravery, and at last became a traitor to his country. — *Selected.*

Golden-Text Stories. — No. 5.

DICK'S SYMPATHY.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

For nearly a year Dick had had an allowance. It had been given to him in the hope that it might correct his fondness for a variety of collars and neck-ties. He and his mother had constantly differed about the importance of half an inch in the height of a collar, and the relative value of style or economy in the purchase of cravats. Therefore it had been decided that his pocket-money should be enough to cover all expenses for car-fare, collars, cravats, and boots, with no questions asked.

The result of the arrangement had been most satisfactory. His sisters had made his cravats out of remnants of their old party-dresses; his collars had become more uniform, and his boots were strong and roomy rather than fashionable. Why he had thus surrendered taste to suitability was a puzzle to the family.

But when Christmas came, and Dick presented each member of the household with a pair of slippers, thick and strong, his mother's curiosity was so thoroughly aroused that she asked Dick to let her see his expense-book.

He objected, arguing that his acts were all right, and that he had no cash on hand, and that he ought to be trusted, and that his affairs were his own. Yet, like all other boys, he had to give his book to his mother, and also to stand by her while she tried to understand its statements.

"Why, Dick!" said she, "what have you done with all those shoes? Here you have had forty-two dollars in six months, and you have spent all but ten dollars of it on shoes; and you have bought only one cravat."

"I wish you would not ask me," he replied. "It spoils all my plan, — or my fun in it, anyway."

Mrs. Lee looked at him with such a troubled air that Dick hastened to add, —

"Why, Marmsey, it is not anything bad, only, — you know Mike, the cobbler. Well, he said he could sell cheaper than the retail stores if I would only trust him to buy boots and then sell to me. He wants to get on in the world, and as he has n't any children he can, if he could only get some fashionable custom. You know his shop is n't anything more than a cellar. It was a kind of struggle for me to give up the long, pointed boots, but it made a start for him if I went there; so I bought another pair for myself, and then some to give away to poor boys, — you know there are always lots of them, — and then I got some rich fellows to go there, and it has done us good; we don't have so many corns, and we feel so jolly because Mike gets along splendidly."

"Why did you not tell me before?" asked the mother.

"Because," and Dick hesitated, "because, for once I wanted to see if I could n't help a little bit without being reminded of it. I don't see any goodness in trying to help people who are famous, and your own family; but no one ever knew Mike except me, and he is so lonely — only got his wife — that I thought I 'd begin on him, and even if I should n't succeed, he 'd know some one cared for him."

"I 'll go there myself," said Mrs. Lee, with such a happy smile, as she gave him back his account-book, that Dick felt sure Mike would soon become the shoemaker of the neighborhood, — which he did.

Teachers' Department.

THE ONE THING TO DO.

BY J. O. NORRIS,

Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday-School, Melrose, Mass.

(Part of an address delivered before the Unitarian Sunday-School Union.)

When we have reached the best attainable methods of instruction, so that we can fill our children's minds with a knowledge of all that is usually taught in Sunday-schools, let us remember that the main thing for us to do is to bring our boys and girls up to be good men and women. Of what avail is it to fill children's minds with knowledge about holy men and holy things, if there is not awakened in them a desire to be holy that shall be a motive influencing their lives? Why take the trouble to teach the child the manual of Unitarian belief, if after *he* has learned it all, it has taken no root in his nature, and he becomes the easy victim of unbelief?

What is the advantage of studying practical ethics, if the knowledge of them rests on so frail a foundation of character as to amount to but little in the conduct of life?

Let me go one step farther and quote another: "It is quite possible to spend one's life in studying beliefs *about* Jesus, and, at the end, to have no real belief *in* Jesus."

This is the most vital point of our whole work. How can we, as Sunday-school teachers, do something to make our work more impressive upon those tender germs of character in the child's nature? Knowledge comes and goes; it may be forgotten, it may become useless even, from new discoveries and the development of new truths and ideas. But right is always righteous, truth forever true, sincerity sincere. If these and kindred principles of character, and noble and holy motives can be made to take up their abode in the child's being as permanent dwellers therein, then has the greatest work been done for him that can be done.

When Dr. Gardner was at the head of the Boston Latin School, it was considered the true method of teaching the Latin Language to oblige the pupil to commit to memory the grammar, from one end to the other.

That method has passed away. The boys who learned the old grammar by heart have long since forgotten it; but what one of Dr. Gardner's boys has ever forgotten how he hated hypocrisy, and meanness, or how he used to fulminate against "sneaking"?

So it shall always be. Let us then, as teachers, work earnestly toward a higher conception of the methods to be pursued in imparting the spirit that giveth life, — feeling sure that when that is once attained, all other things will be added unto it.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

I was greatly surprised and shocked not very long ago by being asked in all earnestness if Jesus ever did really live. Are we Sunday-school teachers to blame for such ignorance, and what can we do to prevent it?

We understand by the above question that, while the scholar had a knowledge of the events of the life of Christ, he had read and thought of them in much the same way that one reads and thinks of the various stories of mythology and traditional history. We are sorry to be obliged to say that it does seem to us in part the fault of our Sunday-school teaching. There is nothing so important as to make that life real to every scholar, and it can be done in no other Sunday-schools so well as in our own. There is so much of halo that surrounds the "man Jesus," the years are so many between the manger and the telephone, the accounts are so wonderful, that this will not be found an entirely easy task. But let every teacher, by maps, accounts of customs, by pictures, even by realistic rendering of many things in the New Testament, seek to impress the fact upon each child that nothing is so real in this world as the life of Jesus of Nazareth. Let him try to induce his pupils to feel a *loyalty* to Christ as their Leader in the battle against evil. As the Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott so well says, in his excellent little volume on *Home Teaching:* "There is no stronger antidote against all the evils that spring up for the young from that thoughtless selfishness which is almost inseparable from youth and inexperience than Christ thus presented by the teacher and apprehended by the pupil." P.

Finding some difficulty in interesting my class in Sunday-school in the usual text-books for Bible study, I am led to ask your opinion of the use of so-called secular books in Sunday-school instruction. Do you object to the use of a good biography, or some work on science, which certainly ought to raise our reverence and love for the Creator?

You ask what is an important as well as a serious question. I would like you to answer it yourself. First, what is the Sunday-school for? Is it not primarily a school for Bible study, and a training-school for righteous living? If we want biography, is there not, between the lids of the New Testament a life that we can never study enough? If we want history, where shall we find a nation more interesting than that people which alone, when all the world besides were idol-worshippers, retained the idea of the One Spirit, and from which came the Man, Christ Jesus? There are many books on ethics which can be used with advantage, and of course I do not mean to shut out all reference to so-called secular works. Use biography when needed to exemplify a virtue or fire a desire for better living. Use science also to show the greatness of God, and his wonderful care for all his creatures. But do not lose sight of the first, last, and only intention of the Sunday-school. Do not meet your class merely to give them entertainment. Why should you do in the Sunday-school what no teacher in a week-day school would ever dream of?

I once asked a young girl who had "outgrown" Sunday-school some simple question of Bible history. She replied, without any concern at her ignorance, that she knew nothing about such matters. Her only memory of Sunday-school was of the time when they were reading "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha" in the class! It is because we teach with so little purpose and system that we fail to interest as well as instruct. The history of the Jews is as interesting as the history of the Greeks; the story of the Christ as fascinating as the life of Napoleon; while the lessons to be gained are of infinitely higher value. Use secular works only as helps where they are really needed, and do not confound the Sunday-school with the seminary or the social club. P.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

At the opening meeting of the third year of the Unitarian Sunday-school Union the subject for discussion was "*S. S. Libraries, how to manage them, and what to put into them.*" There was a good attendance of members of the Union, with their guests, and the discussion was listened to with great interest. The principal speaker was Mr. S. S. Green, Librarian of the Free Public Library in Worcester. He said that the books for the S. S. Library should all be for the *children*, at least for those under sixteen years of age. While interesting books are the only books that will be read, all the books for a S. S. Library should be of an improving and elevating character. They should be books that touch the heart, teach the homely virtues of truthfulness, obedience, and courage, intensify the affections, and secure love and reverence. In mission-schools a wider range is permissible. But of quite as much importance as the selection of good books is the wise guidance and direction of the scholars in their reading. This can be done partly by the teacher; but a good *consulting* librarian, whose sole work in the school is to give this kind of help to the children, is an invaluable aid. The Catalogues of the Ladies' Commission and of the library of the First Unitarian Sunday School in Worcester were commended. Special praise was given to Miss Hewins's little book entitled "Books for the Young." Mr. Green advocated buying only a few books at a time, and having them thoroughly read by the consulting librarian or a reading committee, before putting them into the hands of the pupils. More than this, — let the Superintendent and teachers tell the scholars beforehand something about the character of the new books, and thus awaken an interest in them. Books bought while they are new and are attracting general attention will be more likely to be read. Let the children *see* the books for a Sunday or two before they are allowed to take them out, and do not hide from their eyes the attractive binding of a book by a homely paper cover. These are some of the good points in an address that was bristling all over with good sense and practical suggestions. The remarks of other speakers on this topic will be reported in our next number.

NOTES ON SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS.

Lesson Calendar. No. 9: Sympathy. No. 10: Love to Enemies.

Sympathy. In teaching the ninth lesson, the teacher will have a good opportunity to make the children see for themselves how beautiful and how helpful true sympathy is, and how hard it is to be really sympathetic with "all sorts and conditions of men." The nature of our imperfect sympathies with our fellow-creatures is a fruitful and profitable theme to dwell upon. Speak of the help which good imaginative books give. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" roused sympathy with the slave in millions of hearts. "Ramona" is doing the same work for the Indian. Speak of sympathy as the breaker down of barriers between class and class in society, as fatal to all clique-feeling and social exclusiveness. Few subjects can be made more interesting as a topic of conversation with the class than this of Christian sympathy. The example of Jesus should be brought home to the heart, and the lessons enforced of his personal as well as his general sympathy with men.

Love to Enemies. There is no doubt that in his teaching of the great doctrine of loving one's enemies, Jesus had in mind the position of his first disciples in the midst of the heathen world. "The heathen injured one whom he conceived to be his enemy by the law of nature, and to be prepared at any moment to perpetrate a similar injury upon himself." But the Christian knew "a more

excellent way." He knew that all men stood to each other in the relation of brethren. Living in the midst of those who had not been won over to this view and this trust, it was his duty to do all in his power to show forth the beauty of the new Gospel of Peace. He must think even of his persecutors and oppressors with positive good-will, return blessings for contempt, and kindness for malice. All these conditions of human society are changed for us. But if we would follow Jesus and act in his spirit, we must prove our faith in human brotherhood by being brotherly even *to the utmost extent* of showing our kindness and good-will towards those who hate and injure us. To do less than this is to be less than a Christian disciple.

It may be well for the teacher to explain why it was that the Roman poet characterized the Jews as "haters of the human race." The exclusiveness of the people of Israel worked in two directions: they were zealous for the faith of their fathers, and kept its torch burning through dark periods of pre-Christian history; but their narrowness was fatal to all religious progress, and to the growth of universal good-will among men.

NEWS FROM THE SCHOOLS.

To those who are interested in the items in this department of our paper the editor would say: Contribute some information from time to time concerning your own Sunday-school. Any thing of real interest will be welcomed.

Harvest Sunday was observed as usual in many of our churches by a united service of congregation and Sunday-school. In other churches there was an evening "Harvest Concert." At Winchester, Mass., the space and walls about the pulpit were appropriately decorated with Autumn flowers and fruits. The collection of money that was taken is to be spent in adding reference-books to the S. S. Library.

In Reading, Mass., there was a very interesting Harvest Concert Exercise in the Unitarian Church, Sunday evening, Oct. 11. The Sunday-school children recited very impressively the "Harvest Hours" prepared by one of their teachers, Miss Kate L. Brown and published by the S. S. Society. Each recitation was followed by the laying of a basket of fruit, or flowers, or grains, on the extemporized altar, or by the hanging of a motto-card with Scripture-text, above the altar. With the closing recitation the Superintendent erected a tastefully decorated cross, as the crowning symbol of the lessons of the harvest. A large audience was in attendance, and addresses were given by the pastor, Rev. C. J. Staples, and the Secretary of the Sunday-School Society.

The large Sunday-school connected with the Unitarian society in San Francisco, under the charge of Mr. Charles A. Murdock, contributes to the support of the "Boys and Girls Aid Society" of that city. This society has helped four hundred and eighty-five young persons the past year, and the amount contributed to its treasury from various sources has been nearly $14,000.

On Sunday, Oct. 4, the Unitarian Sunday-school of Beverly, Mass., celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary. An interesting service of praise and song, made up from the new S. S. Service Book and Hymnal was well rendered; the Superintendent read his annual report, and gave prizes of books for good attendance during the year; and addresses were made by the pastor and Rev. H. H. Woude, of Boston. This ancient and flourishing school has now a *corps* of seven officers and thirty-four teachers.

Col. Henry Stone of Boston succeeds Mr. E. T. Horne in the superintendency of the Sunday-school of the Church of the Disciples.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Society held its annual meeting in Providence, R. I., October 28 and 29. We hope to be able to give a report of its proceedings in our next issue.

Our Book Table.

NOTE. — *Books noticed in this column will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Send orders to* UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY, *7 Tremont Place, Boston, Mass.*

CLASS B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

HISTORIC BOYS: their Endeavors, their Achievement, and their Times. By E. S. Brooks. Illustrated. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 259. Price, $2.25.

To the readers of ST. NICHOLAS some of the chapters of this book will be familiar, for they have before appeared in that magazine. There are, however, others printed here for the first time, and all are interesting. Beginning with Marcus of Rome, A. D. 137, the reader is brought down to "The Boy Patroon" of 1777, and to our own land, finding in every age some noble boy to be the promise of the noble man that followed. The matter is interesting, the illustrations are fine, and the book is handsomely printed and bound, fitting it specially for a gift-book. Boys of all ages will enjoy it, and if it is read aloud the girls will be found listening also. P.

THE STORY OF GREECE. By Prof. James A. Harrison. Illustrated. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. pp. 515. Price, $1.50.

This book is the first received of a series projected by Putnam's Sons, to be called "The Story of the Nations." They are to be by different authors, each one selected because of his special knowledge of the subject treated by him. Prof. Harrison, who writes this volume, has made a very interesting book. He does not undertake to give the various conflicting speculations and controversies to be found in larger histories, but has sought to tell the story of Greece "as it appeared to the Greeks themselves," — going for his information straight to Herodotus, Thucydides, and other ancient writers, and often letting them tell the story in their own words. If the other stories of this series are as well and interestingly told, they will make a valuable library of information and reference for the boys and girls who read them. One feature of these books will be found very convenient, — the maps that form part of the inside binding of each volume. It is an excellent idea, as the maps can be easily turned to, needing no search for the page, nor unfolding after they are reached. P.

THE LADY.

THE word "lady" is compounded of two Saxon words, — *leaf*, or *laf*, signifying "a loaf of bread," and *dian*, "to give" or "to serve." In olden times it was customary for those families whom God had blessed with affluence to give away regularly a portion of bread or other food to poor families in their respective parishes and neighborhoods; and on such occasions the "lady," or mistress of the household, distributed the daily or weekly dole. Hence she was called the "laf-dy," or the "bread-giver;" and it is probably from this hospitable custom that to this day English ladies carve and serve the meat at their own tables. — *Selected.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS TO EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ATTENTION is particularly called to the announcement heretofore made, that *all members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the packages sent to their schools.* We cannot mail the single copies to individual members of schools, but must leave all arrangements for the distribution of papers with the schools themselves.

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The Bible for Beginners. The Old Testament. By Rev. JOHN PAGE HOPPS. Second edition. pp. 275. Cloth. $1.00.

Just Published:

A Common-sense View of the Books of the Old Testament. By Rev. RUFUS P. STEBBINS, D.D. pp. 328. Cloth, $1.50.

Full Catalogue of the Publications issued, and for sale, by the Society will be sent on application; and Specimen Copies of text-books will be sent to teachers for examination.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.